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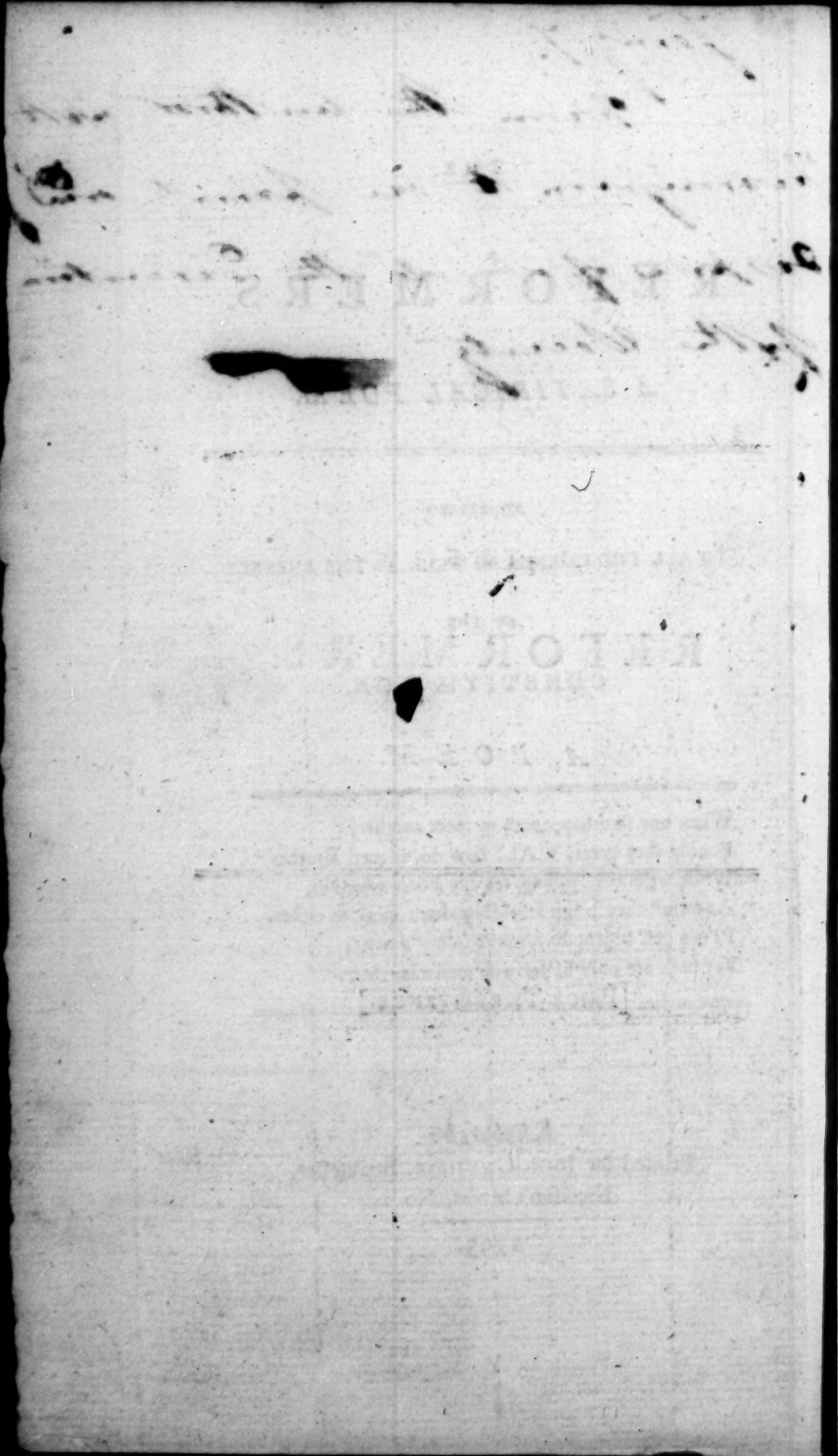
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THE
REFORMERS.

A POEM.

[PRICE THREE-PENCE.]



THE
REFORMERS.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

ADDRESSED
TO ALL THE FRIENDS AS WELL AS THE ENEMIES
OF THE
CONSTITUTION.

When one fool happeneth to meet another,
Fondly they greet, "Ah! how do, dearest Brother?"
While wise men, passing, see the Fools together,
And tho' they laugh at,—they don't speak to either.
PAINE first began, Reformers follow'd after,
Yet both are only fit for wise men's laughter.

Edinburgh:
Printed for JOHN GUTHRIE, Bookseller,
Nicolson's Street, No. 2.

1793.

THE

REFORMER

A LITERARY FORM

AND

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE REFORM



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LONDON:

Printed for John Gurney, Bookseller,
Newcastle Street, No. 2.

1835

ARGUMENT.

THE unknown Bard commenceth his first production, by painting, in high poetic colouring, the happiness of Britons;—and wickedly compareth the great Mr PAINE, to the Devil, sowing dissention amongst them. —Declareth, it is natural to fools to be discontented, and to imitate one another;—and almost averreth, that the Reformers are all fools.——Describeth facetiously who the Reformers are, and the sage discourse that taketh place at th^e meetings.——Gives a character of Mr Paine.——Argueth wisely, and maketh beautiful similes.——Quoteth two lines from the celebrated Mr Alexander Pope, poet,—and after displaying his great knowledge of the human mind, concludeth with a sagacious advice.

THE HISTORY OF

The History of the County of Middlesex, from the earliest times to the present, in a series of letters, addressed to a friend, by John Gower, Esq. of the Middle Temple. In two volumes. The first volume contains the history from the earliest times to the reign of Henry the Second. The second volume contains the history from the reign of Henry the Second to the present. By John Gower, Esq. of the Middle Temple. In two volumes. The first volume contains the history from the earliest times to the reign of Henry the Second. The second volume contains the history from the reign of Henry the Second to the present.

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, BY JOHN GOWER, ESQ. OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE. IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST VOLUME CONTAINS THE HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND. THE SECOND VOLUME CONTAINS THE HISTORY FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND TO THE PRESENT.

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THE
REFORMERS,

A SATIRICAL POEM.

BRITANNIA's glory long the world has fear'd,
And mankind long, beheld her fame with awe;
Her Constitution, on truth's basis rear'd;
Her rulers upright, as her upright law!

While foreign nations, under despots groan'd,
And men, unhappy, durst not speak their mind;
Britannia's sons, untainted blessings found;
Fair liberty, with happy order join'd!

High to the skies, her gorgeous turrets rise;
Peace and contentment mark each village swain.
Her fields with plenty teeming, draw all eyes;
Britannia's sons, *have long of her been vain!*

Her

Her hardy seamen have the waters rul'd ;
 Oft have her soldiers, conquer'd in the field.
 Then say, Brave Britons, would ye now be fool'd ?
 To *gilded* reasons, Britons, would ye yield ?

Have ye forgot, when oft to war led on,
 Ye friv'lous Frenchmen, made like chaff to fly,
 Think ye not on, the deeds ye oft have done,
 Still crying loud, " We conquer shall, or die."
 Still nobly singing, " Britain rules the waves,"
 " And Britons, never shall be slaves."

On birth-day nights, ye Britons, oft have met,
 And loyal faithful hearts, did with you bring ;
 No alienated minds,—proud looks,—no pet ;
 The walls then echoed, with " Long live the King."
 " Still may he flourish,—flourish great and free,
 " *No nation on the earth, so blest as we !*"

Your little children, when they first began,
 With lisping tongues, to cry out, " Pa—Pappa ;"
 You stroak'd their heads, and said, " When you're
 " a man,
 Remember, George, to fear the King and law !"

When pleas'd at dinner, with your families seated,
 You, happy Britons, oft would gaily sing ;
 And when with punch, your loyal hearts were heated,
 You said, " George, take a glass, and drink the
 " King ;

" Here

" Here, Charlotte, 'Melia, Henry, come, all join;
He who the King's health drinketh, drinketh mine!"

Contentment, then, good Britons, cheer'd your faces;
Your children smiled, like the loves and graces.
From morn to night, you still would happy be,
From care, anxiety, and *Reform* free!

In this fair flow'ry garden, were no briars;
No thistles, pricking secretly, like lyars.
All, every thing was pleasing, not one toy.
Contentment, pleasure, happiness, and joy!

See then, in this fair garden, secret creep,
With tim'rous looks, uncertain, troubled step;
A man, now of his labours, wond'rous vain,
You know his name well, Britons, 'tis Tom Paine.

Thus Satan, when to Paradise, let in,
Brought aking hearts, disease, and death, and sin:
O'erturn'd the oak, the trees, the fragrant bowers,
Pluck'd up the roses,—mangled all the flowers;
Then in the middle stalking,—wond'rous civil,
Cried, " Here, my friends, take Freedom, and—the
" Devil!"

When a fool, strangely staring, walks the street,
Ringing with furious hand, his noisy bells;
Straight every other fool, whom he may meet,
Stops his dear brother, and his burdens tells.

With

With forrowing heart, points out each frivolous
thing,

Each little grievance, leffer than a ring :
But quite forgetteth, every fruitful fountain,
And stores of bleffings, larger than a mountain.

Under the banners of good Thomas Paine,
Quick many a discontented person, ran ;
And those who were of alterations vain,
Beheld a thousand beauties, in his *plan*.
Yea, with the gape of ign'rance, thought they saw,
His *plan*, already formed to a *law*.

Straight they began, to spread their thoughts about,
And seek for profelytes with a greedy eye,
Convincing ignorance, where they found him out,
And catching every gull, they could espy.

In tippling houses oft these wise men gather,
And ~~fastly~~ do they reason many an hour,
How to make taxes, *lighter than a feather*,
And to do things, they never did before.
On plans which would make candle easier burn,
Give them more light, and butter better churn.
Ways which would *reason's dictates ever spurn*,
And such odd things.

For lo! these *Judges*, wonder at the change,
Which doth allow, their little tongues to range,
In speaking as they please of laws and kings.

Associations

Associations they themselves do name,
 And say they meet in " lovely Freedom's cause,"
 And cry with *half-seal'd* lips, " We think no shame,
 To come-to—to curse King—and laws—and laws."
Freedom, I say, their worthy lips doth seal,
 With highland whisky, and " fine old cork'd ale."

The worthy members, of these worthy meetings,
 Are coblers some, some brewers to their trade;
 Weavers are some, some finely thrive by beatings *,
 And some by their smart feet do make their bread †.

Old toothless Schoolmasters, and furious Tanners;
 Tailors, Hair-dressers, deep-read Butchers too,
 All lift with zeal, under fair Reform's banners,
 And that, they will be very great men, vow.

Yea all,

(With *sapient* looks of vast importance big,
 Huge pounds of knowledge, curling in their wig,)

Do call,

" Give us but Freedom,—Freedom--we--we say,
 " And then, we may get drunk--all day--all day!"

In Edinburgh town and London city,
 And many other places dy' see;
 These sage Reformers (*Freedom!* what a pity)
 Steal to their meetings, that none may them see.

* Boxers.

† Dancing-Masters.

And

And lest some angry mastiff dog should bark,
 They hold these worthy meetings in the dark ;
 Where with a mug of porter, and piece cheese,
 They curse the King and nation as they please.
 'Till fill'd with liberty, and juice of malt,
 They sally forth, and at each corner halt,
 To roar aloud, " Equa---Equality,
 " Behold the blessings of it, Sir, in me !"

What they would have, they seem not well to
 know,

Why, if all equal, to a *Preses bow* ?

Should a fond father, say unto his son,

" Jacky, my dear, go,---hither bring my wig ;"
 The little rogue, would think it exc'llent fun,
 To say—" not I, I'm equal, tho' not big !"

The disappointed, envious, and the needy ;
 The discontented, worthless, and the greedy ;
 Those who have nought to lose, have much to
 win,

Despising virtue, and professing sin,
 Are those, who form the bulk of Freedom's sons :
 Most worthy heroes hail ! hail, blazing suns !

Their *leader* too, for most part of his life,
 Has been engag'd in discord and in strife.
 His mind more wavering than a cock on steeple,
 A ruler, really fitted for the people.

PAINÉ'S Books, 'tis true, lay down a *fair-fac'd plan*;
 But actions, sure not words, must be our rule.
 A wise man may admire the e'ergreen's fruit,
 But did he eat it, he would be a fool.

Yon house, that strikes the stranger with amaze,
 Would look most wond'rous were it hung in air,
 But then to say so's but an empty blaze,
 For who the devil e'er could put it there?

Could we get wings with which in air to mount,
 Sure am I, 'twould be a most useful thing;
 For merchants then to India might jaunt,
 And home its choicest produce with them bring.

Could this be done, it would be fine, I say.
 But answer, who would plant the wings, I pray?
 Besides, were ladies soaring in the air,
 Lord, what a sight, ye Britons, would be there!

In ev'ry kingdom, as in ev'ry man,
 Errors, without a doubt, we still will find,
 And he who layeth down the *wisest* plan,
 Will find that plan, in actions, would be wind.

Let any man in Britain's wide domains
 Lay's hand upon his heart, and truly say,
 " Here, ever hath the laws of wisdom reign'd,
 " Reign'd since my birth, without one fault till
 " day."

That

That man o'er England would deserve to reign,
 Much greater he, than *worthy* THOMAS PAINE !
 Greater than's *Rights of Man, Common Sense, and's*
Letters,

Wrote with a brazen face unto his betters.

Mankind, good Britons, with an envious eye,
 Still search about to find faults in a brother,
 And what within themselves they hardly spy,
 They think a monstrous mountain in another.

Britons, within the walls of your neat dwellings,
 Where sportive children cheer the social fire,
 Has one sad hour not damp'd your choicest blessings,
 Chang'd all your happiness to sorrow dire.

In that sad hour, has not the time that's past,
 Wore a dark brow, it never wore before?
 Have you not view'd the present with disgust?
 And curs'd the future, in that evil hour?

Yes, Britons, sure am I, you've all this done :
 But then, when pleas'd, how has the scene been
 alter'd !

Then past and present, shone like summer's sun ;
 And the fair future, seem'd with blessings halter'd.

Reformers, Britons, have quite chang'd your minds,
 And mark me well—*they are the evil hour ;*
 Be pleas'd once more,—once more be social, kind,
 And you will think,—*as you have done before.*

Again.

Again.—Suppose you hospitably bring,
 Into your house, a stranger quite forlorn,
 And cheer his mind, by making children sing,
 And all the other ways,—*you've learn'd since born.*

Buoyed up with your good cheer,—your fatted cow,
 The stranger straight with evil mind begins
 To tell your children, no respect's your due ;
 That all your maxims, are but silly things.

That all the paths in which since young they've trod,
 Are paths where evil and injustice reign,
 And bid them quit, their father and their God ;
 And seek for Freedom, with him, Thomas Paine.

Sure, Britons,—Britons blood would in you swell,
 And with disdain, you'd kick that man to hell.
 Yet still the followers of *that* worthy wight,
 Declare that only he, is in the right.

Doubtless a Cobler, should like other men,
 Have right to speak, and what he thinks to tell.
 But sure a Cobler cannot judge of Kings !

Nor, like a statesman, know, the law full well !
 He's ignorant, who openeth wide his mouth ;
 A wise man he, who sits and hears the truth.

Kind Britons, hear my words with patient ear ;
 Know, that if you'd be happy, you must fear.

Much happier sure the servant of a lord,
 Than naked Indian, stretch'd on naked board.

And

And worse than Indians, Britons, would be you,
Did you the doctrines of Reform pursue.

"Know well yourselves, presume not *Kings* to scan,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Search the deep recess of the human mind,

And learn to know the *passions* of mankind..

Mark well how Anger turbulently boils,

Like foaming billows, dashing 'gainst the Isles,

See Pride elate, with empty honours full:

And Sloth still yawning, heavily and dull.

Ask what delight Revenge can ever bring?

And know there's happier mortals than a King,

Search well, the good the labour will repay,

Reason you'll find, shines fairest in the day.

And Reason, Britons, still will bid you stay,

And to a worthy King your homage pay.

Once more 'twill bid you loyal Britons sing,

With loyal hearts, "Long live Great GEORGE our
King.

"Still may he flourish—flourish great and free,

"*No nation in the earth, so blest as we!*"

FINIS.

